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THE SKIPPER OUT OF A BERTH.

"Smash m' gaff! Who 'd 'a' thought the old ship could sail like that, without me?"



#### A TRIFLE INCONVENIENT.

MR. GIRAFFE (to his guest).—Now be sure and make yourself at home, old man. There are soap, a razor and a shaving-mirror!

#### GOOD COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.



EAR CHILDREN, hearken to advice,  
That you may grow up sweet and nice;  
Oh! Do not fractious be and bold,  
And, aye, be gentle to the old!

When to dear Grandpapa's you go,  
Don't stamp upon his gouty toe,  
And in his lean and shrunken shins  
Do not stick old and rusty pins.

If Grandma says, "Come, kiss me, dear,"  
Don't jab the poker in her ear;  
Or from her cap-strings bite the lace,  
Or paste scrap-pictures on her face.

If at a nice old Spinster Aunt's  
A visit you should make by chance,  
Don't with the scissors snip her frock,  
Or throw tomatos at her clock

For 't is by little things like these  
Often your elders you displease;  
Oh! Pray be calm and self-controlled,—  
And never strike or scratch the old!

Carolyn Wells.

#### BACKSLIDING.

When the savage learned that in order to be a consistent Christian, he had not only to wear trousers, but to buy them back at a rummage sale about once every three months, his whole unregenerate nature rose in revolt.

"Not on your tintype!" he cried, and strode away into the wilderness, the home of his fathers for countless generations, taking nothing with him that savored of civilization save rankling memories and a few cases of quarts.

#### POPPING THE QUESTION.

STELLA.—So you said you would be his good angel?

BELLA.—Yes, if he would provide me with a red devil.

#### A SHREWD GUESS.

FARMER MOSSBACKER.—What do you s'pose William Jennin's Bryan's plans for the future are?

FARMER BENTOVER.—Wa-al, I sorter suspect that he 'll go right on doin' his best to prevent the Democrats from breakin' into the Democratic party.



#### A DESIRABLE LOCATION.

"Oh, that 's where it is, is it? As near the daypo as thot?"

"Yes, right over there. Quite convenient, is n't it?"

"It is, indade! If the briakfast be a bit late, yez 'll not have far to run for the thrain!"

**G**enius is most effective, seemingly, when it does n't know where its next meal is coming from, showing that knowledge is indeed sometimes dangerous.



# PUCK



## A DISCOVERY.

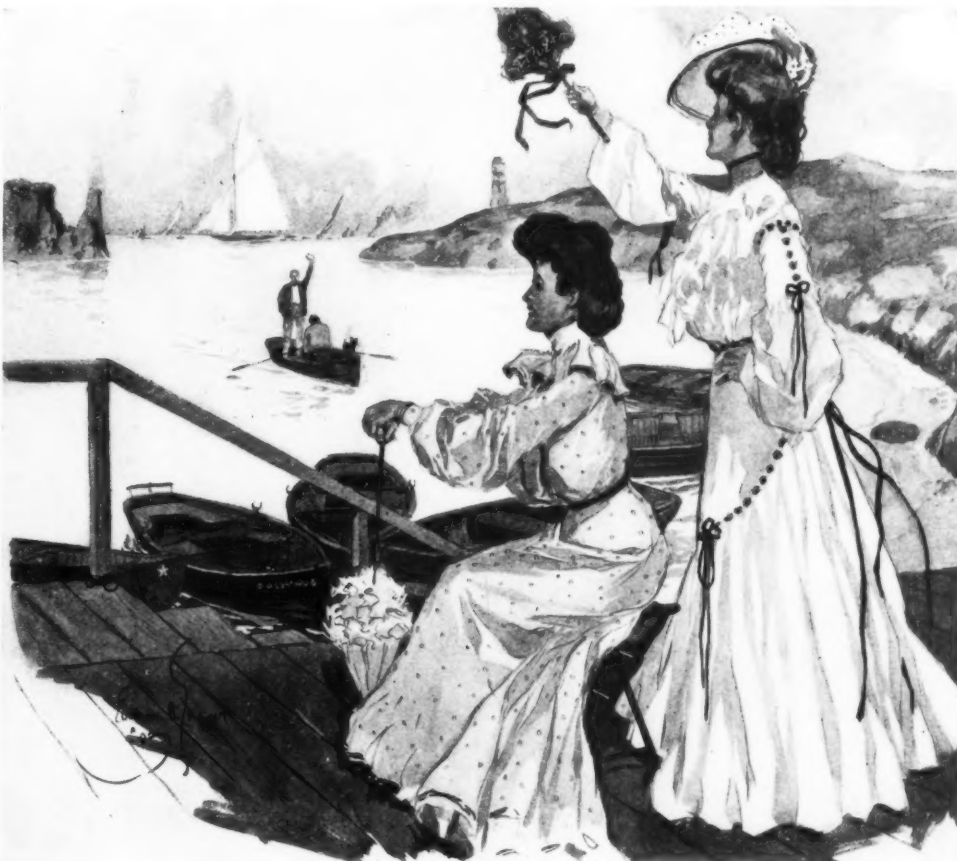
"And is that what that big man does, Mama? Just sit around like that?"  
 "Most of the time, I suppose."  
 "I guess that 's what they mean by being too strong to work."

## AN OMINOUS OUTLOOK.

"What is going on here?" asked the washing-machine agent, who was of an observant turn of mind. "A sort of strained, half-suppressed expectancy seems permeating the entire village. What is it that is about to happen?"

"Well," cautiously replied the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern, "I ain't supposed to be makin' any talk about it, but a side-whiskered, portly chap, that posed as a kind of philanthropist, was here last Winter, when fuel was so scarce and costly, you recollect, and kindly and very cheap sold the people as coal a lot of crushed stone coated with tar; and it's reported that he's comin' back here to-morrow with a circus, either to deliberately skin us again or b'cuz he's forgotten where he is on the map. Of course, I ain't got anything to say, but I sorter judge that that portly party is on the eve

of a great crisis, right now; but, then, if you make your bed I s'pose you've got to lie in it, even if you do carelessly happen to spread it on an ant-hill."



## THOUGHT SHE MEANT IT.

CARRIE.— Here comes poor Jack! He seemed to think I ought to marry him.  
 BETH.— Had you promised him?  
 CARRIE.— Yes, I had; but that was all.

## SIZE.

"Let my sighs plead for me!"  
 The beautiful wretch looked up at him wonderingly.

"Why, you're no bigger fool than any of the others!" she exclaimed, naively.

## ABSENCE.

"We are here to-day," said the solemn-looking man with a thin neck and a collar three sizes too large for him, "and gone to-morrow."

"That's right," agreed the dyspeptic-looking man with the ivory-black cigar; "and when we get back six months later some of our best friends want to know where we've been for the last two weeks."

PERSEVERANCE  
 has won many a victory that was not worth the effort.

# PUCK

## TRAVELERS.

MANY BITTER and sarcastic comments have been made upon those travelers who after a brief visit to a foreign country make bold to publish books of criticism upon it.

Such is the bitterness of some commentators towards these travelers that often they advise the reading public to move immediately away from their works.

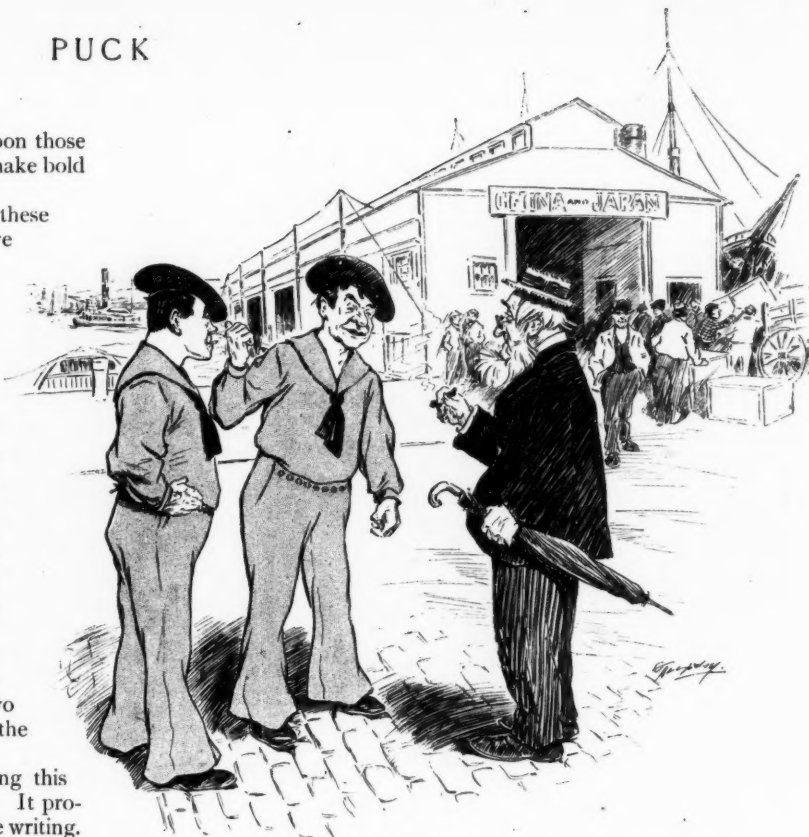
This is wrong. It is the first duty of all literary men to impress upon the public the sacred duty of reading all other literary men's works. If a man has written nothing but "Through France in an Automobile" it is our part to advise the public to read him. It is our part to tell the public they must read him in order to keep abreast of current Thought. This is a serious matter, and I want to say right now that if the public ever gets the idea of picking and choosing, some day they are going to fly the coop.

Now, as to these travelers who produce criticisms upon a foreign country after a preparation of two months or two weeks or whatever is the period complained of.

Undoubtedly, for some kinds of writing this period is unconscionably long and protracted. It produces fatigue of the brain cells and the result is dullness in the writing.

To write a living, breathing, immortal and first-class monograph on a foreign strand a writer should simply stick his head out of the car window, take one look around, or half-way 'round, and begin to write. Then everything that he writes, before taking another look, will be fresh, vivid and true. If it is n't true it will be just that much fresher.

As intellectual writers say (and these intellectual writers should



## COULD SYMPATHIZE.

"Yes, the ship's over yonder and she sails to-morrer. It'll be a long time afore we see New York again."

"That's what's worryin' me, too, b'heck! I'm goin' hum to-morrer."



## UNEXPECTED ALL AROUND.

MISS ELDERLY.—What is love?

MR. GOODCATCH.—You've got me there, Miss Elderly.

MISS ELDERLY.—Oh! This is so sudden!





A WORD FOR THE PUBLIC.

THE ACTOR.—Bah! What does the public know about Art?  
'T is like casting pearls before swine!

THE PAINTER.—Still, it must be admitted that a good many  
are merely imitation pearls.

be constantly studied by the reading public), let us enforce with a simple instance the truth of our unparalleled proposition.

Suppose that we were just landed in China, hot off the bat. Should we not be in the fittest possible condition for making keen and critical observations? Of course we should. We could show the Chinamen where they are making all kinds of mistakes. We could show the Chinamen where they are wandering away from the true path at lightning speed. We could show the Chinamen where they are regular Chinamen. We could at first sight exclaim:

"Behold a people whose ideal for five hundred years has been the horse! You wear a cue to represent a horse's tail, and you wear wooden shoes to represent a horse's hoofs. Alas! Poor horse-tail, horse-feet people, you are wrong, horse, foot and dragons! You are wrong in your religion, which we know nothing whatever about; and you are wrong in your science, which you know nothing whatever about. You are wrong in your government, wrong in your industries, wrong in your sports, wrong in your lovemaking, wrong in everything. Wrong even in your whiskey, which, far from being the triumph of art and a boon bottled in bond, is the worst thing perpetrated by the cross-eyed microbes of fermentation of the Flowery Kingdom!"

Starting right in fresh, we should be regular wizards of information to the Chinamen. Like the water-finders finding water, we could, if asked to correct an error, point in any direction from sunrise to sunset and never miss it.

Doubtless some pig-headed sophists, who care more for their own opinion than for wisdom and authority, will contradict us. They will claim that before writing a complete commentary on the laws, customs, theology and postal service of a foreign country, there should be a time of study and preparation. Very well. But how much time? Two weeks? And is two months better? And is two years still better? Is that the idea? Then twenty or thirty years would be better still; and if a man were fitting himself to write the best of all possible works on China he would stay in China until he was a Chinaman himself, and ready to swear that European nations

write backwards and that a birds'-nest pudding is a morsel fit for a joss.

It is easy enough to see what too much study of a subject and too much familiarity with it are going to do for a writer that trifles with *them*. Consider what a Chinaman would write about China. When he was talking about industries, he would probably say that it would give China a great industrial lead over other nations if she would introduce the manufacture of shoes from sycamore instead of from beech. When talking of learning and foot-ball, he would wander around all sides of the subject and let on it was something vast, and finally suggest that it would be a bold and brilliant experiment to cut down the study of Chinese literature in the primary schools from thirty-five years to thirty-four years and six months, with lectures the other six months; and if he was a red-hot radical, caring nothing for law, usage or authority, he would come out with the claim that pigtailed are worn a half-inch too long, and that he was ready to take the bowstring for it.

For a first-class ever-living monograph on a foreign strand a writer should take one look out the car-window and begin to write.

At the same time, writings for which long preparations are made are not the less to be commended to the reading public. Certain works, in fact, demand long and patient prior study, and sometimes are little the worse for it. For instance, in these works on foreign countries, two weeks' preparation would not harm a *vade mecum*, nor a month or six weeks an invaluable compendium. A year or so would be all right for a masterly critique on a political system if the writer did not find out anything about it in that time; and if a profound scholar should remain in Egypt, for example, until he was a mummy and a reasonable time thereafter, he would be just in shape to begin the publication of his epoch-making work: *An Historical History of Egyptian Egypt, with Side-Lights on the Slavic Tendencies of the Russian Tears*, and the *Rollo Books*, in 112 volumes 8vo., deckled edges and gilt tops, which no library should on any account be without.

Williston Fish.

A BELIEF that the race is not always to the swift no doubt accounts for the widespread confidence in tips.



THE REAL QUESTION.

ETHEL.—How much money has he?

EDITH.—Well, he has enough to keep him out of heaven!

ETHEL.—But has he enough to get him into Society?

**We don't get to see that stock-jobbing is gambling until we lose at it. That is to say, so long as we realize anything, we don't realize the truth.**



THE BEAR'S TRIUMPH.

SHE.—Do you know that, sometimes, I really think the bear enjoys it.

HE.—Well, at any rate, he has mastered a great problem of life. He knows how to keep up appearances.





## PUCK

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### LABOR'S LATEST NOVELTY.

CONSISTENCY, cold and logical, has never been the forte of Organized Labor. Not often, however, are its inconsistencies expressed in writing; so when one is, it naturally invites comment. The lock-out in the New York building trades brought forth a spirited protest from Labor headquarters, which contained some significant sentences. Employers were called conspirators. It was said of them that they had an "utter contempt for public opinion." And finally—mark it—that they were trying "to override the free and lawful right to work." Organized Labor, here and elsewhere, has our earnest support in its fight for this fundamental principle; but while it is battling bravely in behalf of "the free and lawful right to work," some of its champions might memorize, and profitably, the few statistics which follow. Coal Strike details: Killed, fourteen; Severely injured, forty-two; Shot from ambush, sixteen; Aggravated assault, sixty-seven; Attempts to lynch, one; in all of which the victims suffered solely because they believed in and attempted to exercise "the free and lawful right to work." Incidentally, it was by Organized Labor that the now noted right was denied and the barbarous outrages committed. It makes a difference whose ox is gored.

### LOST: A DELUSION.

DESIRABLE as it is that the rankness of the Postal Department should be exposed and the guilty fittingly punished, it is impossible not to regret, from one viewpoint, that crime was ever discovered there. For years, the advocates of public ownership, government control of everything in general, have pointed with triumph to the Post Office, as the working model of all their theories. It has been their personal pride and continuous proof. Whenever a worldly skeptic has questioned the millennial powers of public ownership, enthusiasts have squelched him by exclaiming: "Look at the Postal service! The government runs that, cleanly and expeditiously. What nonsense, therefore, to assert that the government can not, just as well, run rail roads and steamships, mine coal or cut wood!" And now their idol is destroyed. Vandals have wantonly defaced it. With each new "irregularity," they experience a sharp and deep-seated pang. They have before them a speaking likeness of Government Ownership, taken with its constant companion, Graft. It is a particularly unpleasant picture to contemplate, because the advocates of government ownership, almost to a man, are themselves honest and upright. All along they have declared that graft should be legislated out of existence as something altogether debasing; and public control of utilities, in the beautiful light wherein they saw it, has had no room available for the low, unscrupulous grafter. Rail roads were to be run and Coal mines worked with all the rugged honesty and strict economy of the Postal Bureau. Hence, their pain and plight.

### THE ART OF INDORSING.

DAILY is it becoming more evident that the Republican National Convention of nineteen hundred and four is to be largely a formality; of a fairly time-honored tradition, an exemplary and good-humored observance. Like the ancient rites of England, so carefully adhered to in all modern ceremonies of state, our fathers'

precedent for presidential nominations will be faithfully followed, albeit the sons have outgrown it. By respect for the past, will present deportment be governed, notwithstanding that, in these "indorsement" days, national conventions are so ludicrously superfluous. Theodore Roosevelt, it is safe to say, will be nominated next year in orthodox style. Patriotic delegates will enjoy a pleasant outing and, as usual, scenes in the convention hall will "beggar all description." Not for several years yet will the presidential cutting and drying process, now in preparation, attain its highest state, but completed, it will reduce to a minimum the necessity for national assemblages. Conventions, at best, are crude, noisy affairs, oft-times vulgar in their antics. Nomination by indorsement is not only easier, but much more refined. We are indorsing, at present, anywhere from one year to eighteen months ahead of schedule and it would require but little added effort to get still further ahead, so as to indorse and vote at the same time. We have faith in a candidate, else we would not vote for him. Consequently, who, among us, would hesitate to indorse in advance his administration, appreciating as we do his infallibility? All we need is an extra space on the official ballot. Extending the practice from president down to aldermen, many are the great minds it would set at rest. What, indeed, could be more soothing during the campaign, than a candidate's knowledge of his party's indorsement; approval freely given in spite of anything he may do in office? To all practical politicians, the system should commend itself.

### RESENTED.

The great college president was slow to speak. But at length, the attacks upon the modern system of secondary education becoming more virulent, he raised his voice. "The insinuation," he declared, indignantly, "that the students who make brilliant records at their books do so at the expense of their athletic standing, is false and wholly unwarranted."

### THE DEVIL, AGAIN.

When the devil was running for office,  
The devil a monk would be  
If elected; but when elected,  
The devil a monk was he.

THAT SOME should take real comfort in a crayon portrait of themselves, is perhaps not surprising, after all. It is pleasant to have always at hand the assurance that we might be worse-looking than we are.

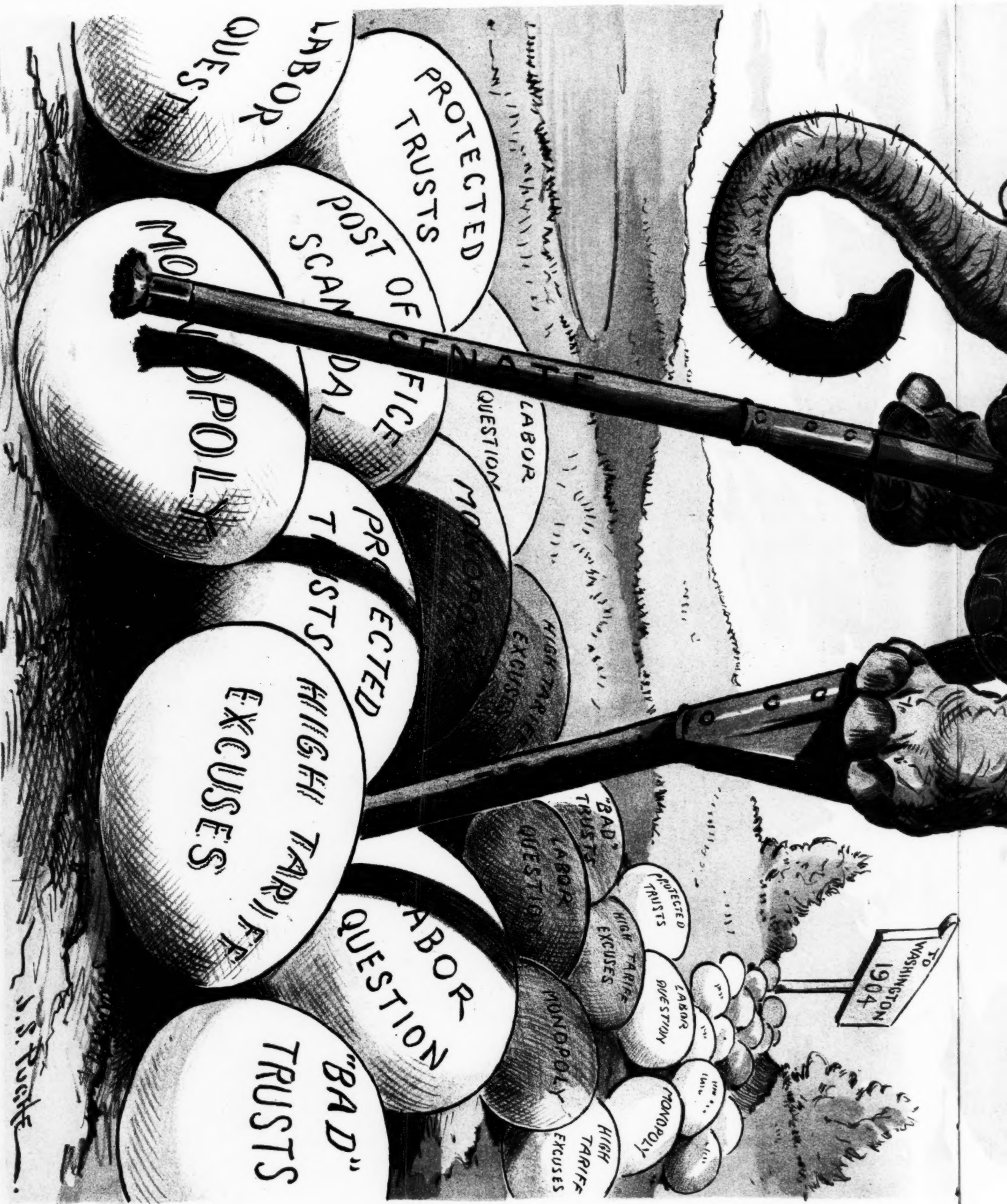


### A PESSIMIST.

LITTLE SISTER.—Puttin' us out of the room just—boo hoo!—'cause there's company!

LITTLE BROTHER.—But may be they won't eat all the cake.

LITTLE SISTER.—Oh, you can't trust—boo-hoo!—company with cake!



J. S. FOULKE

PICKING HIS WAY.



PUCK



# PUCK



## THIS TOUGH OLD WORLD.

TED.—Most firms prefer to hire a married man.

NED.—And most girls won't marry you unless you have a job.

## ITS STATUS.

TOURIST.—What is the size of this place, Uncle?

COLORADO CITIZEN.—Dis town hab got about two thousand popularity, sah!

## BUILDING.

"I want a book on how to build a house for two thousand and five hundred dollars."

"Here's one on how to build a house for five thousand dollars."

"Yes; but, you see, I've only five thousand dollars to put into a house."

## AN INFERENCE.

"The soubrette is going for a ride on her new horse."

"Indeed? Then the ghost must be walking."

## AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Secgrohic!

Something entirely new! The greatest discovery of the age!

A revolution in breakfast foods!

All the wood that's fit to eat!

Secgrohic is the sawdust of second-growth hickory. It sells at the same price as do the ordinary breakfast foods made of dead and down timber.

Why not have the best when it costs no more?

Every package sterilized.

## ATTACKING THE TRADITIONS.

FIRST DEACON.—Dey say dere wa' n't nebbah no sech pusson as Adam.

SECOND DEACON.—Good Lawd! Nex' t'ing dey 'll be sayin' dere wa' n't nebbah no sech pusson as Uncle Tom ob "Uncle Tom's Cabin" what de Sibbil War wuz all about!



## THE CASE AGAINST HIM.

"A summons for thee, friend, for unlawful liquor selling. There is circumstantial evidence against thee."

"Circumstantial evidence?"

"Ay. Jags have been seen around thy place on the Sabbath."

**I**t is believed that Sir Walter Raleigh also introduced the custom of swearing off smoking.





#### A FINAL WARNING.

THE DENTIST.—Now, don't be so nervous;—it'll be all over in a second or two.

THE TIGER (*grimly*).—It certainly will—if you don't live up to that sign!



#### THE SWAMP MOON.

THE SWAMP MOON rise up oveh de bog  
Dess lak a big red cup;  
He call to de owl en he call to de frog:  
"Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!  
Ah shine in de depths ob de cool ol' spring  
En Ah shine in de deep lagoon;  
De sun hab gone en Ah am king—  
It's time to staht yo' tune."  
En de frog on de trunk,  
En de owl on de root,  
Sed: "Glunk-glunk! Glunk!"  
En: "Hoot! Hoot! Hoot!"

De swamp moon staht det katydid  
En de lonesum whippowill, too;  
He rouse det brown-shell cricket hid  
Down in de leaves en dew.  
De sly-eyed coon blink up in de gum,  
De possum show his haid,  
En sum fokes say det de witches cum  
When de swamp moon's face am red.  
En de frog on de trunk,  
En de owl on de root,  
Sed: "Glunk-glunk! Glunk!"  
En: "Hoot! Hoot! Hoot!"

De swamp moon rise en rise so fas'  
His face am roun' en red;  
He peep et yo' fro de window-glas  
To see ef yo' 's in bed.  
En yo' betteh be quick en pull de kibbeh down  
En slip right into yo' place;  
Foh woe to de lil chap roamin' aroun'  
When de swamp moon show his face.  
En de frog on de trunk,  
En de owl on de root,  
Say: "Glunk-glunk! Glunk!"  
En: "Hoot! Hoot! Hoot!"

Victor A. Hermann.

#### PRO AND CON.

"I dunno about it bein' altogether a good thing to hold these expositions," said Uncle Josh. "It gets them foreigners sendin' goods over here and if some of 'em are cheap and attractive it may be a temptation to our people to buy 'em, thus underminin' our infant industries which are strugglin' so hard to hold their own ag'in' the pauper labor of Europe."

"Yes; that's so," said Uncle Silas. "But, then, on the other hand, it helps us to get a line on them pauper-labor-made goods, and when we find out which of 'em is the cheapest and most attractive, and therefore the most dangerous to our prosperity, why, we can boost the tariff up on them particular goods higher than it is now!"

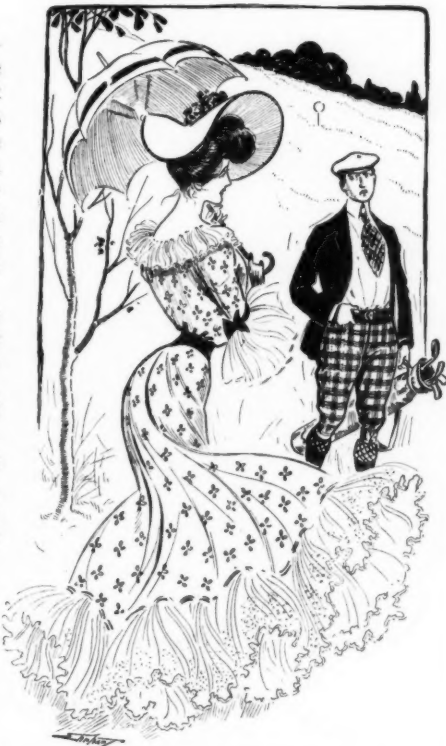
And Uncle Josh was forced to admit that, even from a protectionist point of view, international expositions might have their uses.

#### VENTILATION.

"They propose to improve the ventilation at the Capitol."

"How will they do it?"

"Well, they're going to enlarge the press gallery, for one thing."



#### 100,000 SHARES.

The Summer Girl once more is here  
For whom we long have waited;  
And, being up-to-date, she has  
Her heart incorporated.

El Principe  
de Gales



KING OF HAVANA CIGARS

#### UNCLE REUBEN SAYS:

We look fur our feller-men to be consistent, an' dat 's where we am inconsistent ourselves. De best speech I eber delibered was on de subject of honesty, an' yet I had to go out dat werry eavenin' an' steal wood 'nuff to do me ober Sunday.—*Detroit Free Press*.

#### GONE HIGHER.

"No," said Woodby, "I don't see Wiseman at all any more. He has dropped out of our social set."

"He tells a different story," remarked Sinnickson.

"Indeed?"

"Yes; he claims he has climbed out."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

#### ENCOURAGING.

"Don't you think the taste for dialect literature indicates a lack of national culture?" asked the man with the heavy-rimmed eyeglasses.

"Not at all," answered the cheery person. "When people have to go to books for ungrammatical English instead of getting it in their daily experience, it seems to me that the conditions are decidedly encouraging."—*Wash. Star*.

TEACHER.—Why did Nathan Hale regret that he had but one life to give for his country?

UP-TO-DATE BOY.—He carried a heavy life insurance, Ma'am.—*Princeton Tiger*.

No better Turkish Cigarette  
can be made

Egyptian  
Deities

Cork Tips as well

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

# SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 32d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.



"Mother, where are the little red spots you had on your face?"  
"Gone, my darling. Sulphume and Sulphume Soap have taken them all away."

## THE REASON WHY!

### SULPHUME

is a chemical solution of Pure Sulphur, and when taken internally and applied as a lotion will cure dandruff or any skin disease; it is also a great hair invigorator. Price \$1.

### SULPHUME SOAP

stops itching and all skin irritations, softens and whitens the skin, and has no equal for the toilet or bath. Prices: Perfumed Soap, 25c a cake; Unperfumed, 15c a cake. Will mail trial cake upon receipt of price.

### SULPHUME SHAVING SOAP

is the perfection of soaps for shaving. It is a perfect antiseptic, prevents rash breaking out, cures and prevents all contagious skin diseases, gives a creamy lather and is soothing to the skin.

### SULPHUME LITTLE LIVER PILLS

act directly on the liver, kidneys and bowels, but do not gripe or nauseate. Price, 25c.

### SULPHUME BOOK

on care of the skin free.

*M.A. Diaz* Be sure this signature is on each package of Sulphume Preparations, otherwise it is not genuine.

Your druggist can procure Sulphume Preparations from his jobber, without extra charge to you.

### SULPHUME CHEMICAL CO.,

Suite 107, 337 Broadway, New York.  
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Canadian Agents.

Established 1823.

# WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,  
Baltimore, Md.

### UNCLE REUBEN SAYS:

When a man comes to us an' relates his misfortunes we kin readily see whar' he was to blame for 'em; when we go to some odder man to relate ours we want him to understand dat we was n't in de least at fault." — *Detroit Free Press*.

"I 's glad to see all dis here philanthropy goin' on," said Uncle Eben; "but I reckon it 's gwinter be a good while befo' you sees as big a crowd at a free library as you does at a base-ball game." — *Washington Star*.



### EVIDENTLY ENGAGED.

MR. JOHNSON.—What yo fink Miss Snoflake called me last night? She said Ah wuz a big kid, and a big slob, and a big calf, and a big lobster!

MR. JACKSON.—Um-m! When will de cards be out?

Tired brain and nervous tension relax under the potent action of the Original Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Label on bottle tells the Original—Abbott's.

You cannot set a first-class dinner unless the wine you serve is Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

### EXPERTS ON BOTH SIDES.

"Is n't it strange that old maids profess to know so much about the wickedness and worthlessness of men?"

"Oh! I don't know. It 's the same way with old bachelors, is n't it?" — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

### AN UNWELCOME THOUGHT.

"Think of our ancestors!" said Earle Byrd, when it was intimated that he ought to go to work.

"I don't like to," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I am a believer in the theories of Darwin." — *Washington Star*.

MISS PALM BEACH.—Well, the nobleman has left us and his stay here was one grand, sweet song!

MISS SOJOURN.—Do you know, you 're the second one whom I 've heard say that; only this morning Papa said he left a string of notes after him every place he went. — *Yonkers Herald*.

The embodiment of all the excellence possible to be attained in brewing.

# EVANS' ALE

Pre-eminent the choice of those who must have the best of everything.

Consult your Dealer.

# Pears'

Pears' soap is nothing but soap.

Pure soap is as gentle as oil to the living skin.

Pears' is the purest and best toilet soap in all the world.

Sold all over the world.

All over the civilized world  
THE IMPROVED  
**BOSTON GARTER**  
IS KNOWN and WORN  
Every Pair Warranted  
The Name is stamped on every loop—  
The *Vitrol Grip*  
CUSHION BUTTON  
CLASP  
Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens  
ALWAYS EASY  
Send 50c. for Silk, 25c. for Cotton, Sample Pair.  
Geo. Frost Co., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.  
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

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A GLASS OF THIS DELICIOUS AND WHOLESOME CORDIAL IS THE MOST REFINED AND SATISFACTORY TERMINATION POSSIBLE TO ANY FEAST.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.



### FISHERMAN'S LUCK

often includes a combination of wet feet, hunger, a light creel and a plentiful supply of hard luck stories. The lucky fisherman is the one who provides himself beforehand with the consoling companionship of

## Dewar's Scotch Whisky

Bottled where distilled, from the largest reserve stock of old Scotch Whisky in the world.

### AN ANGLER'S POSTER

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FREDERICK GLASSUP  
Sole Agent for John Dewar & Sons, Ltd.  
126 Bleecker Street, New York

### PROGRESS.

"How is your daughter getting on with her music?"

"Splendidly!" answered Mrs. Cumrox. "She can go to a classical concert and tell exactly where to applaud without waiting for the rest of the audience." —*Washington Star.*

### A FOLLOWER OF PRECEPT.

SIMPSON.—You blow your own horn a good deal?

JENKINS.—Well, if you want a thing well done, do it yourself. —*Detroit Free Press.*

AS THE umpire shouted "Three balls!" the batsman started guiltily. "This is n't the first time I've raised something on a diamond," he muttered, as he hit the next one and knocked a pop-fly to the pitcher. —*Princeton Tiger.*



### HIS VIEW.

"The Lord loves a cheerful giver, you know!"

"Yes; but cheerful givers are so scarce that it's necessary to get up subscription lists!"

Knowing physicians prescribe Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, to tone up the system — they know Abbott's will meet every requirement. All druggists.

### WOMAN'S WAY.

SHE.—Time will heal the wound I've made in your heart.

HE.—Yes; but you'll be mad at me if it does. —*Detroit Free Press.*

EVERY woman thinks her doctor "understands" her constitution just as if there never had been another like it in the world. —*Atchison Globe.*

### THE RULING PASSION.

"Is there any real advantage in being a millionaire?" asked the philosopher.

"There is," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "You can wear your old clothes without exciting comment, which is a great economy." —*Washington Star.*

WHEN a farmer moves to town and gets a Prince Albert coat, he always gets the longest he can find. —*Washington Democrat.*

"He did n't exhibit any angry symptoms when you called him a cheap man?"

"No. He explained that his mother-in-law had been calling him dear ever since he was married." —*Yonkers Herald.*



## THE CLUB

are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The ORIGINAL of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no other.

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"Standard of Highest Merit"

## FISCHER PIANOS.

"The embodiment of tone and art."

164 FIFTH AVENUE,  
Between 21st and 22nd Streets, New York.

**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

**Bar Keeper's Friend**  
It will shine on it benefits all metals, minerals on wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drug, gift and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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### Bunner's Short Stories

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**Schlitz**

THE BEER  
THAT MADE  
MILWAUKEE  
FAMOUS.

### The Water Used in Schlitz Beer comes from six wells bored to rock

We are on the shore of Lake Michigan, yet we go into the earth to get water that is absolutely pure.

And we go to Bohemia for hops, when other hops cost but half.

We spend fortunes on cleanliness.

We not only filter the beer, but we filter all the air that touches it.

And we age the beer for months in refrigerating rooms, so it cannot cause biliousness.

Then we sterilize each bottle, to kill every possible germ.

**Schlitz sales  
increased  
132,916 barrels  
last year**

That's a greater increase than of any other brewery in the world, and above are the reasons for it.

Ask for the brewery bottling.

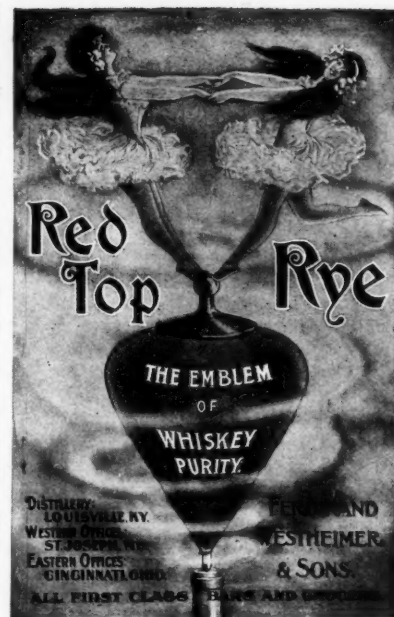
CONQUERED.  
I gets up in de mawnin'  
An' I's feelin' mighty glum.  
I has'n had much trouble,  
But I's jes' expectin' some.  
But de sunshine comes a-smilin'  
Jes' as cheerful as kin be,  
An' I kind o' has suspicions  
Dat it 's makin' fun o' me.  
De breeze, it sort o' snickers  
As it brushes by de do',  
An' de river keeps a winkin'  
While the sunbeams come and go,  
An' de blues—I's got to take 'em  
An' jes' lay 'em on de shef.  
Everything is so good-natured  
Dat I has to laugh mysef.  
—Washington Star.

RETROSPECTIVE.  
EDITH.—I thought you and Mabel were fast friends.  
NELLIE.—We used to be.  
“And you are not now?”  
“No.”  
“What was his name?”—New York Weekly.

WHEN we look on the world as our own plum we are almost sure to find that we have eaten it too green.—Ram's Horn.

“BUT does your mother insist that you must take a chaperone?”  
“Yes; but she can follow behind in Jim's old auto—and it's sure to break down.”—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

“IT ain't fer me ter say dey ain't no good in prayin' fer rain,” said Brother Dickey, “but it happens frequent dat it comes ter nuthin' fer de reason dat de clouds ain't got no rain ter spare, or dey savin' it up fer de feller in de nex' county, who lit in ter prayin' two days ahead er you!”—Atlanta Constitution.



**Red Top Rye**

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OF  
WHISKEY  
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WESTINGHOUSE  
ST. JOSEPH, MO.  
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CINCINNATI, OHIO  
ALL FIRST CLASS  
BANK AND LUNcheon

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ANGOSTURA  
BITTERS**

The World's Best Tonic  
Imported from Trinidad B.W.I.

**THE ONLY GENUINE**



### A CHEERFUL THOUGHT.

HE.—This writer considers love a species of insanity.  
SHE.—What a depressing view!  
HE.—Oh, no! As love usually lives on hope there can be very few cases of hopeless insanity.

**BOKER'S BITTERS**

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetiser and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

A MAN who is nearly eighty years old, is sick, and says he can't imagine what is the trouble. We can tell him: he was born too long ago.—Atchison Globe.

## Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

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Sold by First-Class Dealers Everywhere.

It's truly "a long lane that has no turnin'"; but, in the language of a Georgia philosopher, "It's these sudden turns that frequently take us right back where we came from!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

## WATER MOTOR FAN

**\$1.50** Can be connected with any spigot or attached to wall. Any person can adjust it easily and without effort. Diameter, 10 inches. Makes 2000 Revolutions a Minute. Throws a current of air as strong as any \$25 electric fan, without any noise or annoyance. It has no equal for the sick room. Descriptive Circular Free.



PRICE, COMPLETE, \$1.50.  
AGENTS WANTED.  
Delaware Rubber Co., Dept. 77, 631 Market St., Phila., Pa.



A COLD, CALCULATING NATURE.

"I'm afraid that you lack personal popularity," said the confidential friend.

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "I sometimes have my doubts about the desirability of too much of it. Personal popularity seems to me to be something which makes everybody feel that you are naturally under obligations to do him a favor."—*Washington Star*.

THE cold truth about the matter is that when a man's mother-in-law arrives on a visit, he has two who are trying to please him instead of one.—*Atchison Globe*.

"Is YOUR report of that fashionable wedding complete yet?" asked the city editor.

"Not quite done yet," replied the society reporter; "I'm waiting for some more names which I think will give tone to the report."

"Have you got any names in your report?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, we can't wait for any more names. Shoot a lot of hyphens in among the names you've got, and let it go at that."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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**MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES**

Few things are more dangerous than a train of thought that carries no freight.—*Ram's Horn*.

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The ease with which the trains on the WABASH LINE run has often been the subject of remark by travelers. It is not unusual to see patrons enjoying their morning shave, as comfortably as at home, while traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

By this line SUMMER TOURS may be taken with comfort to all the popular resorts of the North, West and East, for the greater part of the journey in through cars, elegant Dining Cars being placed in trains at convenient hours.

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If you are interested in a band instrument of any kind, or would like to join a band or drum corps, you can obtain full information upon the subject from the big book of 136 pages that Lyon & Healy, 14 Adams Street, Chicago, send free upon application. It contains upwards of 1,000 illustrations and gives the lowest prices ever quoted upon band instruments.

### \$20 for \$10

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**NEW ENGLAND TOBACCO COMPANY,**  
209 Washington St., Boston.  
Union Made. Factory 41 and 42 India St.

MANY churches have a checkered career because they live only for their exchequers.—*Ram's Horn*.

We have been wondering why some one does n't invent a breakfast food called "Strenuous."—*Atchison Globe*.

### UNCLE REUBEN SAYS:

It ain't dat any of us want to be bad, but rather dat we am trubbled wid loss of memory an' can't remember all the commandments.—*Detroit Free Press*.

### FATAL ERROR.

TESS.—So their engagement is broken off.

JESS.—Yes; they quarreled, and she was in the wrong.

TESS.—And she would n't admit it?

JESS.—No, that was the whole trouble. She did admit it, and after that he simply became unbearable.—*Philadelphia Press*.

CHURCH.—What is this Metropolitan Handicap I read about in the papers?

GOTHAM.—Oh! I guess that's the subway.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Charged with the aromatic fragrance of the strengthening and medicinal herbs of the tropics, Dr. Sievert's world-renowned Angostura Bitters is the most healthful tonic and appetizer.

**A LONG DRIVE**

means a strong body. To play well you must be well. Good golf and good health go together. There's no better place to enjoy both this summer than at

**Lackawanna Railroad**

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# Flower James



HER HEART'S a garden-plot, I wist,  
Where Love, as floriculturist,  
Could tuck sweet pansies in a bed  
For thoughts, while roses, white and red,  
Might twine sweet friendship's arch above  
And speak the magicry of love  
By falling petal-flakes, a storm,  
Whose drifts should keep affection warm.—  
Could spot more promising exist  
For Love, as floriculturist?

The aromatic herbs of Hope,  
Meek violets and heliotrope,  
Sweet-Williams, mignonette and phlox,  
Might with endearment's hedge of box  
Be safe enclosed, and lift a rare  
Array of nodding blossoms there.—  
If Love will do as I insist,  
And come as floriculturist,  
I trust he'll find a fertile spot  
In which to plant forget-me-not!

Roy Farrell Greene

